

## The Times' Daily Short Story.

### THE LETTER THAT WAS NEVER SENT.

(Original.)

Frank Littlefield stood on the porch looking up at the sky, then down on the vista before the house, then at the dewdrops on the flowers in the front yard. There is nothing like a beautiful summer morning to make one feel a delicious gladness. There was more than this to make Littlefield glad. He had come home to spend a two weeks' vacation after a very busy season in the city. He had for months been working, not only days, but nights, and when at last it became expedient for him to knock off he was presented with a handsome check by his employers and a considerable raise of salary.

These blessings led up to another possible happiness. When Littlefield went to the city he had left at home a school friend or love; he did not at the time exactly know which, but had since learned that the latter word better expressed his feelings. He had been far-seeing for a boy of eighteen and had contented himself with enjoying Louise Phillips' companionship without making a complication between them. He was going to another field to make his way as best he could without influence or means, and he felt that he had no right to enter upon an affair that might stand in the girl's way matrimonially. But now he was to receive a competence for two he had returned anxious to meet his old schoolmate and see how she appeared to him after an absence during which she had passed from sixteen to twenty-one.

Swinging a cane in his hand, he stepped down from the porch and out on to the walk that lined the road. It was not the best time of day to make a call, especially on his old companion. Indeed, he was especially averse to haste. He would devote the two weeks before him to renewing his intimacy, studying his own desires and those of Miss Phillips. If at the end of the fortnight all was propitious he would tell his story and abide the result. But, though he did not intend to make a call at 9 o'clock in the morning, his steps naturally fell toward the home of the person who occupied his thoughts. He had not gone far before he saw coming a woman whose walk was familiar. As she approached he saw that she was Miss Phillips. But the bud had opened. Every vestige of the child had disappeared. He saw a vision of loveliness that made his pulses throb.

"Miss Phillips?" he asked, raising his hat.

"Mr. Littlefield!" she replied, starting. Indeed, she appeared confused, so much so as to drop a letter she carried in her hand. Littlefield picked it up and handed it to her. He noticed that

it was addressed to a man. He took fright at once. To whom could she be writing? The castle he had erected in his mind tottered. Then confidence was momentarily restored. Why assume that she was writing to a lover?

"When did you come?" she asked.

"Last evening. May I join you? I'm only stopping."

"Certainly. It's a long while since I've seen you. You've not been home since you left, I believe?"

"Yes, once or twice, but you happened to be away."

She was fumbling the letter in her hands. Presently she dropped it again. Frank restored it to her.

"Is the letter hot?" he asked.

"Hot? How could it be hot?"

"It seems to burn your fingers."

A deep scarlet spread itself all over her face. It was the breaking of a signal flag. That the man knew well enough. But what was the interpretation? Littlefield, with a lover's promptness to panic, read, "The letter is to my fiancé." Then hope came and suggested that perhaps it was an acceptance of a fiancé. At any rate, it was plain to him that instead of taking a fortnight to look over the ground he must exert himself to save the day if, indeed, it was not too late.

"I think," he went on, "that you had better let me put your letter in my pocket, not having a pocket yourself."

He took it from her, she not resisting, but instead of putting it in his pocket he took it in his hands preparatory to tearing it to shreds.

"What are you going to do that for?" she asked.

"Something tells me that you have written this letter without sufficient deliberation—that you don't wish to send it."

"No; I deliberated a long while. There is every reason why I should send it."

"But one."

"What's that?"

"Love, or, rather, the absence of it." Again the signal. This time it was not a crimson flag, but a troubled look. He tore the letter in halves, then in quarters, then in eighths and kept on ad infinitum. It seemed that he could not get the parts small enough.

"What right have you to do that?"

"The right of possession. It's mine points in the law."

"I can compel you to write another in its stead."

"That I shall be happy to do."

"You don't know what to say."

"I can fix it so that there shall be no reply for you to answer."

"Why would you do that?"

"Because I prefer to have you for my own correspondent, and one is quite enough."

The confession came in time from the young lady that Littlefield had been right. She had an offer from a man who could support her handsomely and had after a long struggle made up her mind to accept him. Littlefield turned the scale in the nick of time.

GERTRUDE FAITH GATES.

## Catching Butterflies.

To catch butterflies you must reach out after them. As a rule you won't catch many in your hand. You must use a net. It is the net that scoops them in.

A hand reach in catching butterflies is no better than a handbill in catching business. It is the net that counts.

The net is the newspaper. This reaches out to all the people and scoops them in. Experience of several generations has shown that the newspaper is the best business bringer.

Take, for instance, this paper. (Most people take it.) An announcement in this paper goes into the homes of the people whom you must reach if you get the business you are after.

There is, indeed, a very much larger net that scoops in the business butterflies. It is stretched out not only over this community, but over every similar community in the land. It is the mail order net, made up of big catalogues and of advertisements in periodicals which are circulated broadcast to catch the unwary.

To prevent that great net—which is really an octopus with a thousand tentacles—from catching your trade away from you, wisdom suggests that you use your home net—the local newspaper.

Usually a word to the wise is sufficient.

If you want to keep your patronage or build it up, you must compete with the butterfly catchers from the outside.

The Dollar is the Butterfly. It has green wings, and is attractive to merchants in the big cities just as it is attractive to you.

If you would catch these pretty butterflies that are circulating around home, you must use the net that circulates around home.

Could anything be plainer?



## BRINGS BACK MRS. MOFFET

"Deny We Held Hands," Says She to Her Charley

GUEST ECHOES DENIALS

Former Salvation Lassie Claimed His Protection for a Whole Week This Time, and Moffet Reported Her Missing to the Police.

New York, Aug. 23.—The so-called elopement extraordinary of 18-year-old Anna Moffet, her platonic companion, the Rev. Asbury S. Whedon, former revivalist, came to its most singular end a few moments after midnight this morning. After a week of absence, pretty Mrs. Moffet tripped lightly on the steps of the Moffet home, at 545 Bergen street, Brooklyn, and rang the door-bell for admittance. Today the clergyman was a visitor there. Persons who talked of "penitence" were far, indeed, from guessing the apparent feeling in the heart of either wanderer. On the contrary, it was Charles S. Moffet, the husband, who had to ask forgiveness. He who complained to the police of his wife's absence yesterday prepared to eat humble pie today, as was evident to the most casual inquirer this morning.

"I believe that Mr. Moffet would like to issue a statement about the whole affair," said the Rev. Asbury Whedon as a member of the triangular household this morning. "Where is he, Charley?"

Thereupon Mr. Moffet, who was sitting in a dazed sort of way upon a lounge handed over the following in writing:

"I hereby state, of my own free will, that my wife, Anna M. Moffet, left my home because of my raging at her with-out cause, and that my unfortunate temper has been the cause of all our trouble and I do not blame her for leaving me. I hereby exonerate both her and Rev. A. S. Whedon from all suspicion of wrongdoing of any kind and state now, as I have stated before, that I believe that there has been nothing of wrong between them and that I thank him for the protection he has given my wife when she needed it."

"Charles W. Moffet."

"We are all very religious, you see," Mr. Whedon added. "I am the superintendent of the Bethel Gospel Light-house, and Mr. Moffet does outside work in connection with the mission. Mrs. Moffet assists me at the meetings by singing and relating her experiences. She was formerly in the Salvation Army."

"But there is not a word of truth in the ridiculous statements that Mrs. Moffet and I have sat together in silent prayer," he added vigorously.

"Please deny that, Charley," he added turning to Mr. Moffet. "Why, one of the morning papers quotes you as saying that we held hands in the parlor."

"Yes, deny that, Charley," put in young Mrs. Moffet.

"Well," said the colonel, "what do you want a two weeks' furlough for?"

"Me wofe is very sick, and the children are not well, and if ye didn't mind, she would like to have me home for a few weeks to give her a bit of assistance."

The colonel eyed him for a few minutes and said:

"Patrick, I might grant your request, but I got a letter from your wife this morning saying she didn't want you home; that you were a nuisance whenever you were there. She hopes I won't let you have any more furloughs."

"That settles it! OI suppose OI can't get the furlough then?"

"No, I'm afraid not, Patrick."

It was Patrick's turn now to eye the colonel as he started for the door. Stopping suddenly, he said:

"Colonel, can OI say something?"

"Certainly, Patrick. What is it?"

"You won't get mad, colonel, if OI say it?"

"Certainly not, Patrick. What is it?"

"OI want to say there are two splendid lars in this room. OI never married in me life."

The Widows Objected.

The editor of a little western paper was in the habit of cheering up his subscribers daily with a column of short, pertinent comments on their town, their habits and themselves. The department on account of its intimate personal flavor was the most popular thing in the paper.

On a hot day, when a storm whistled gaily up the streets of the town, depositing everywhere its burden of sand, the editor brought forth this gem of thought:

"All the windows along Main street need washing badly."

The next morning he was waited on by a platoon of indignant citizens, who confronted him with the paragraph in question fresh from the hands of the compositor and informed him fiercely that he had gone too far. After a hasty and horrified glance he admitted that he had.

It now read:

"All the widows along Main street need washing badly."—Everybody's.

Beecher in a Letter to His Son.

When working for others, sink yourself out of sight. Seek their interest. Make yourself necessary to those who employ you by industry, fidelity and scrupulous integrity. Selfishness is fatal. Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Demand more of yourself than anybody expects of you. Keep your own standard high. Never excuse yourself to yourself. Never pity yourself. Be a hard master to yourself, but lenient to everybody else. Concentrate your force on your own business; do not turn off. Be constant, steadfast, persevering.

A Million Dollars in Assets.

There is usually some good reason for abnormal growth in any business and it is so with Savings Banks. The North Troy Palladium seems to think it has discovered the secret of the large growth of the Lamoille County Savings Bank and Trust Company. It says:

The Hyde Park Savings Bank reached a notable point in its history July 11, when for the first time the assets of the institution reached the million mark. The master mind in the affairs of the bank is that of its president, Carroll S. Page, and to that far-sighted policy and liberal treatment that so markedly characterizes all his business and financial dealings, is largely due the great increase in assets and the success that has always attended the institution.

This Bank pays 4 per cent, compounded semi-annually on deposits of \$100 or more.

## The Baby's Food

Proper Selection Means Good Health and Vigorous Growth.

Artificial feeding of infants requires great care. The selection of the proper food means good health and vigorous growth, while the use of condensed milk or undiluted cow's milk, or of any other improper food, leads to indigestion, loss of flesh, and inability to resist disease.

No artificial food should be used that contains drugs or chemicals, and this is one of the reasons why Justfood has reared so many babies successfully in the past and is today prescribed by the majority of physicians, for it is the only cereal food that is absolutely free from chemicals and drugs.

With the many points of superiority of Justfood is combined the feature of economy, a three-pound package selling for only \$1.50. Smaller sizes sell for 50c and \$1.00, but the large size is the most economical, making the cost per meal for a little baby less than a penny.

At drug stores.

Let us send you free weight chart for your baby and a sample package of food. Justfood Co., 60 North Franklin street, Syracuse, N. Y.

## KILLS GIRL, TRIES TO BURN BODY

Love-Crazed Connecticut Man Captured After the Brutal Murder of Sweetheart.

Trumbull, Ct., Aug. 23.—Miss Lillie Mallett, aged forty-five, who lived alone in the Tashua district, was shot and instantly killed in the kitchen of her home at 10:30 yesterday by Lucas Kapuski, a hired man, who had been employed about the place for some time.

Miss Mallett's father, a man over 90, was buried last Sunday, and since then had been alone at the house, though neighbors remained with her nights.

Mrs. John Treadwell, a neighbor, was calling on her yesterday morning about 10 o'clock. Miss Mallett went into the kitchen for something and Mrs. Treadwell heard two shots. She went into the room and found Miss Mallett lying on the floor with a bullet hole in her head. She had been instantly killed.

Kapuski was going toward the barn. He set the barn afire and immediately fled down the Long Hill road.

Mrs. Treadwell gave the alarm and the man was caught at Long Hill, where he is held.

Kapuski was with a revolver. Kapuski had threatened to kill some of the family, it is said. He had periods of dementia, and is supposed to have been suffering from one of these attacks when the shooting occurred.

The barn was destroyed and the house saved with difficulty.

## The Scrap Book

Two of a Kind.

A private in the regulars went to the colonel of his regiment and asked for a two weeks' leave of absence. The colonel was a severe disciplinarian and did not hesitate to use a subterfuge in evading the granting of privileges to his men.

"Well," said the colonel, "what do you want a two weeks' furlough for?"

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## HIS 102D BIRTHDAY

Rev. Leonard Dolph of Brandon Celebrates Event

ENTERED ARMY AT 58

Is the Father of 17 Children—He Served as a Methodist Minister for Over Fifty Years—Retains His Faculties Remarkably.

Rutland, Aug. 23.—Rev. Leonard Dolph of Brandon, the oldest minister and Civil war veteran in Vermont celebrated his 102d birthday yesterday at his home, some of the members of Rev. E. J. Ormsbee post, G. A. R., paying him a visit and extending congratulations as has been the custom for many years. Rev. Mr. Dolph retains to a remarkable degree both his physical and mental faculties. He goes for a walk on every pleasant day, and his firm step and erect figure is frequently a subject of remark.

He is still able to converse in a perfectly logical way, and has an excellent eyesight. Although he has not preached in a number of years, he was able at a gathering given in his honor two years ago to give a talk better than the average man would have made impromptu.

Mr. Dolph was born at Crown Point, N. Y., August 23, 1805, and has spent the greater part of his life near the shores of Lake Champlain. His father, Sidney Dolph, was a descendant of Bal-tazar and Anne De Wolfe, who came to America with the New Haven colonists and settled near what is now Middletown, Conn. Sidney Dolph, who was a carpenter by trade, was injured while at work at Montreal, and died at the age of 33. His grandfather lived the allotted time, but the great grandfather, Joseph, was killed in the battle of Longburg, France, 1757.

Mr. Dolph was the father of 17 children, nine of whom are now living. In 1830 he was ordained a Methodist minister and for over 50 years was in active service. At the outbreak of the Civil war, when he was 58 years old, Mr. Dolph left the pulpit and enlisted in Company E, 118th New York Volunteers. In this regiment he served as chaplain until discharged. He took part in the Virginia campaign of 1863 and was taken sick at Baltimore. Because of this his service terminated December 18, 1863. He is a member of Ormsbee post of Brandon.

Mr. Dolph's first presidential vote was for John Quincy Adams, the sixth president, and since the foundation of the Republican party he has supported it loyally, having voted for Governor Proctor last fall, and at his town election last spring.

To few of the present day has the opportunity come to see so much of the country's growth as has been the privilege of Mr. Dolph. From a union of 17 states he has seen the country grow to one of 46, and has taken an active part in its preservation. From saddle to the motor car, from sailing ship to steamer, from the currency of barter and iron bar to the coinage of today (for within 50 years iron was a negotiable currency near Lake Champlain) he has seen and taken an active interest in the development of the section in which he has seen a country pass.

LUNGS THAT ARE STARVED.

The Majority of People, Through Indolence, Neglect to Breathe Properly.

It is a fact that most of us are victims of our own lazy respiration and deprive ourselves of oxygen that is so necessary if we would keep our bodies at their highest point of efficiency, says The Delinquent for September.

Oxygen is absolutely necessary to the existence of animal life. Man gets oxygen from air breathed into his lungs. Besides introducing oxygen into the blood, the lungs act as excretory organs, removing undesirable elements from the system at each expiration.

In ordinary or unconscious breathing, only ten to thirteen per cent. of the air in the lungs is changed at each breath, leaving eighty to ninety per cent. of the lung capacity filled with stale air.

Forced or conscious breathing of pure air ventilates the lungs, driving out the eighty to ninety per cent. of the stationary or stale air.

All bedroom windows and doors should be wide open during sleep, thus connecting the lungs directly with the pure air of the outside world.

should there be any display of jewelry. Some women use their widow's weeds as a highly effective background for their jewels, and the thought of the observer is that Mr. Blank must have been heavily insured.

Dainty women who are careful as to the fit and style of their gowns choose their underwear with discrimination. Illustrated is a garment that is sure to meet with their approval. It is a simple and graceful combination of short skirt and corset cover.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

THE ROYAL BOX.

Crown Prince Gustavus of Sweden recently cut off his private stables to correct a deficit of \$125,000 in his budget.

Queen Amelle of Portugal, the only royal lady doctor in the world, smokes quite a number of cigarettes a day, as do also Carmen Sylva, the poet-queen of Roumania, and Queen Christina of Spain.

Prince Eugene, fourth son of the king of Sweden, follows art not as a hobby, but as a profession. For four years he studied in Paris, leading the life of the ordinary art student and known to his brothers of the brush as M. Eugene.

The king of Siam is a practical exemplar of nepotism. His one brother and twenty half brothers fill all the important administrative and executive posts in the government. But he draws the line on the distasteful side of his family. His sisters and daughters are not allowed to marry for fear of possible rivals to the throne.

Sowing Fine Seed.

An excellent method of sowing fine seed is to mix it with either coarse sand or cornmeal. In this way the seed becomes well scattered upon the soil, and when the plants spring up they are nicely separated and, if transplanted, more easily removed.

Red skies at sunset indicate fine weather.

A red sky in the morning indicates bad weather.

Mackerel-back sky, never very long day, so they say.

A bright yellow sky in the early evening denotes coming winds.

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There's never any falling off in the grand flavor of

**Zu Zu**

Ginger Snaps

The nicest, spiciest, most tantalizing ginger snaps ever made.

5¢ a package

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

## MODISH MATTERS.

The Marie Antoinette Shirt Waist Is Smart—Black Hats Popular.

The Marie Antoinette shirt waist is given place to the Marie Antoinette blouse, which is loose and has fine plaitings down the front. The sleeves are elbow length and are finished with wide turned back cuffs trimmed with narrow plaitings.

The black hat trimmed with flowers has not had such an inning as it is now enjoying for many a long day. It is very smart when massed with leafless roses in shades of ivory, pink, apricot, peach and mauve, and it also looks well wreathed with many hued begonias. As a change from flowers, soft swaths of several tints of tulle make a pretty substitute.

Persons in deep mourning should never wear patent leather shoes, nor



COMBINATION UNDERWEAR—5735.

should there be any display of jewelry. Some women use their widow's weeds as a highly effective background for their jewels, and the thought of the observer is that Mr. Blank must have been heavily insured.

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